



SAINT
Peters com-
plaint. .

✻ With other Poems.



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THE AVTHOR TO
HIS LOVING
Cofin.



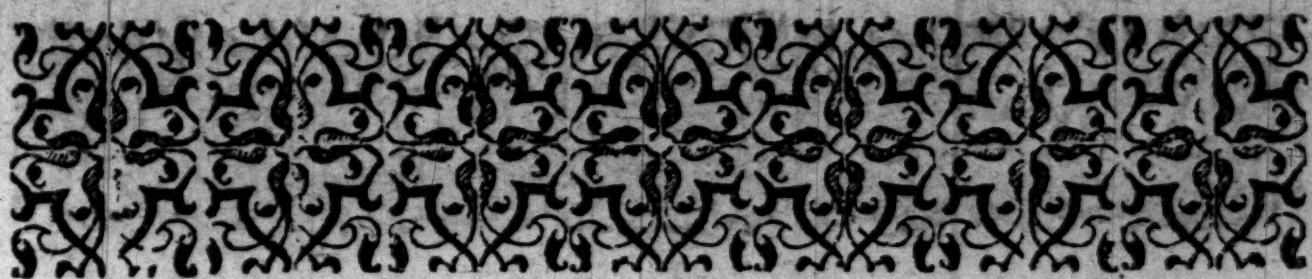
Oets by abusing theyr talent, and making the follies and faynings of loue, the customarie subiect of theyr base endeouours, haue so discredited thys facultie, that a Poet, a Louer, and a lyar, are by many reckoned but three wordes of one signification. But the vanitie of men, cannot counterpoise the authoritie of God, who deliuering many parts of Scripture in verse, and by his Apostle willing vs to exercise our deuotion in Himnes & spirituall Sonnets, warranteth the Art to be good, and the vse allowable. And therefore, not onely among the Heathen, whose Gods were chiefly canonized by theyr Poets, and theyr Paynim Diuinitie oracled in verse: but euen in the old and Newe Testament, it hath beene vsed by men of greatest pietie, in matters of most deuotion. Christ himselfe by making a Himne, the conclusion of his last Supper, and the Prologue to the first Pageant of his Pasion, gaue his Spouse a methode to immitate, as in the office of the Church it appeareth, and to all men a patterne to know the true vse of this measured and footed stile. But the deuill, as he affecteth Deitie, and seeketh to haue all the complements of Diuine honour applyed to his seruice, so hath hee among the rest possessed also most Poets with his idle fanfies. For

THE EPISTLE.

in lieu of solemne and deuout matter, to which in dutie they owe theyr abilities, they nowe busie themselues in expressing such passions, as onely serue for testimonies to how vnwoorthy affections they haue wedded their wils. And because the best course to let them see the errour of their workes, is to weaue a newe webbe in their owne loome, I haue heere layde a fewe course threds together, to inuite some skilfuller wits to goe forward in the same, or to beginne some finer peece : wherein it may be seene howe well verse and vertue sute together. Blame mee not (good Cosin,) though I send you a blame-worthy present, in which the most that can commend it, is the good-will of the Writer, neither Arte nor intention giuing it any credite. If in mee this be a faulte, you cannot be faultlesse that did importune me to commit it, & therefore you must beare part of the pennance, when it shall please sharpe censurers to impose it. In the meane time, with many good wishes I send you these fewe ditties, adde you the tunes, and let the Meane, I pray you be still a part in all your Musick.



The



☞ The Authour to the
Reader.

DEare eye that doost peruse my Muses stile,
VVith easie censure deeme of my delight :
Giue sobrest countnance leaue somtime to smile,
And grauest wits to take à breathing flight ;
Of mirth to make a trade, may be a crime,
But tyred spirits for mirth must haue a time.

The lofty Eagle soares not still aboue,
High flights will force her from the wing to stoupe,
And studious thoughts at times men must remoue,
Least by excesse before their time they droupe.
In courser studies tis a sweet repose,
VVith Poets pleasing vaine to temper prose.

Prophane conceits and fayning fits I flye,
Such lawlesse stufte doth lawlesse speeches fit :
VVith Dauid verse to vertue I apply,
VVhose measure best with measured words doth fit :
It is the sweetest note that man can sing,
VVhen grace in vertues key tunes natures string.



THE AVTHOR TO THE READER.

DEare eye that daynest to let fall a looke,
On these sad memories of **PETERS** plaints:
Muse not to see some mud in clearest Brooke,
They once were brittle mould that now are Saints.
Theyr weakenes is no warrant to offend,
Learne by theyr faults, what in thine owne to mend.

If Equities euen-hand the ballance held,
Where **PETERS** sinnes & ours were made the weights:
Ounce for his dramme, pound for his ounce we yeeld,
His ship would groane to feele some sinners freights.
So ripe is vice, so greene is vertues bud:
The world doth waxe in ill, but waine in good.

This makes my mourning Muse resolute in teares,
This theames my heauy penne to plaine in prose,
CHRISTS thorne is sharpe, no bead his Garland weares:
Still finest wits are stilling **VENVS** Rose,
In Paynim toyes the sweetest vaines are spent,
To Christian works, few haue their tallents lent.

Lycence my single penne to seeke a pheere,
You heauenly sparks of wit, shew natue light:
Cloude not with misty loues your Orient cleere,
Sweet flights you shoote, learne once to leuell right.
Fauour my wish, well-wishing works no ill,
Imooue the Sute, the Graunt rests in your will.

SAINT



SAINT PETERS *Complaint.*

Launch forth my soule into a maine of teares,
Full fraught with griefe, the traffick of thy mind:
Torne sailes will serue, thoughts rent with guiltie
Giue care the sterne, vse sighs in lieu of wind: (feares:
Remorse, thy Pilot: thy misdeede, thy Card:
Torment thy Hauen, shipwrack thy best reward,

Shun not the shelve of most deserued shame:
Sticke in the sands of agonizing dread:
Content thee to be stormes and billowes game:
Diuorc'd from grace thy soule to pennance wed:
Fly not from forreine euils, fly from thy hart:
VVorse then the worst of euils is that thou art.

Giue vent vnto the vapours of thy brest,
That thicken in the brimmes of cloudy eyes:
VVhere sinne was hatch'd, let teares now wash the nest,
VVhere life was lost, recouer life with cryes.
Thy trespassse foule, let not thy teares be few:
Baptize thy spotted soule in weeping dew.

2.

SAINT PETERS

Fly mournfull plaints, the Ecchoes of my ruth;
VVhose screeches in my freighted conscience ring:
Sob out my sorrowes, fruites of mine vntruth:
Report the smart of sinnes infernall sting.
Tell harts that languish in the sorriest plight,
There is on earth a farre more sorry wight.

A sorry wight, the obiect of disgrace,
The monument of feare, the map of shame,
The mirrour of mishap, the staine of place,
The scorne of time, the infamy of fame:
An excrement of earth, to heauen hatefull,
Iniurious to man, to God vngratefull.

Ambitious heads, dreame you of Fortunes pride:
Fill volumes with your forged Goddesse prayse,
You fancies drudges, plung'd in follies tide:
Deuote your fabling wits to louers layes:
Be you, ô sharpest griefes that euer wrung,
Text to my thoughts, Theame to my playning tung.

Sad subiect of my sinne hath stoard my minde,
VVith euerlasting matter of complaint:
My threnes an endlesse Alphabet doe finde,
Beyond the pangs which Ieremie doth paint.
That eyes with errors may iust measure keepe,
Most teares I wish that haue most cause to weepe.

All

COMPLAINT.

3.

All weeping eyes resigne your teares to me :
A sea will scantly rince my ordur'd soule :
Huge horrors in high tides must drowned be,
Of euery teare my crime exacteth tole.
These staines are deepe : few drops, take out no such :
Euen salue with sore : and most, is not too much.

I fear'd with life, to die ; by death to liue :
I left my guide, now left, and leauing God.
To breath in blisse, I fear'd my breath to giue :
I fear'd for heauenly raigne, an earthly rod.
These feares I fear'd, feares feeling no mishaps :
O fond, ô faint, ô false, ô faulty laps.

How can I liue, that thus my life deni'd :
VVhat can I hope, that lost my hope in feare ?
VVhat trust to one, that truth it selfe defi'd ?
VVhat good in him, that did his God forswear ?
O sinne, of sinnes, of euils, the very worst :
O matchlesse wretch : ô catiffe most accurst.

Vaine in my vaunts, I vowd if friends had fail'd
Alone *Christs* hardest fortunes to abide :
Giant in talke, like dwarfe, in triall quaild :
Excelling none, but in vntruth and pride.
Such distance is betweene high words and deeds :
In prooffe the greatest vaunter seldome speeds.

B,

Ah

Ah rashnes hastie rise to murdering leape,
 Lauish in vowing, blind, in seeing what:
 Soone sowing shames, that long remorse must reape:
 Nurcing with teares, that ouer-sight begat;
 Scout of repentance, harbinger of blame,
 Treason to wisdom, mother of ill name.

bm,9,

The borne-blind begger, for receiued sight,
 Fast in his faith and loue, to *Christ* remain'd,
 He stooped to no feare, he fear'd no might;
 No change his choice; no threats his truth distain'd.
 One wonder wrought him in his dutie sure:
 I, after thousands, did my Lord abiure.

Could seruile feare of rendring natures due,
 VVhich growth in yeeres was shortly like to claime,
 So thrall my loue, that I should thus eschue
 A vowed death, and misse so faire an ayme?
 Die, die, disloyall wretch, thy life detest:
 For sauing thine, thou hast forsworne the best.

Ah life, sweet drop, drownd in a sea of sowers,
 A flying good, posting to doubtfull end,
 Still loosing months and yeeres to gaine new howers:
 Faine, time to haue, and spare, yet forst to spend;
 Thy growth, decrease, a moment all thou hast:
 That gone, ere knowne: the rest, to come, or past.

Ah

COMPLAINT.

5.

Ah lyfe, the maze of countlesse straying waies,
Open to erring steps, and strow'd with baits,
To winde weake fences into endlesse strays,
A loofe from vertues rough vnbeaten straights;
A flower, a play, a blast, a shade, a dreame,
A liuing death, a neuer turning streame.

And could I rate so high a life so base?
Did feare with loue cast so vneuen account,
That for this goale I should runne Iudas race,
And Caiphas rage in cruelty surmount?
Yet they esteemed thirty pence his price,
I, worse then both, for naught deny'd him thrice,

Math, 26

The mother sea from ouerflowing deepes,
Sends forth her issue by diuided vaines:
Yet back her of-spring to their mother creepes,
To pay their purest streames with added gaines;
But I, that drunke the drops of heauenly flud,
Bemyr'd the giuer with returning mud.

Is thys the haruest of his sowing toyle?
Did *Christ* manure thy hart to breede him briers?
Or doth it neede this vnaccustom'd soyle,
VVith hellish dung to fertile heauens desires?
No, no, the Marle that periuries doth yield,
May spoyle a good, not fat a barraine field.

B 2

VVas

6. SAINT PETERS

VVas this for best deserts the dueſt meede?
 Are highest worthes well wag'de with spitefull hire?
 Are stoutest vowes repeal'd in greateſt neede?
 Should friendship at the first affront retire?
 Blush crauen ſot, lurke in eternall night:
 Crouch in the darkeſt caues from loathed light.

bn *al. 16.* Ah wretch, why was I nam'd ſonne of a doue.
 VVhoſe ſpeeches voyded ſpight, and breathed gall?
 No kin I am vnto the bird of loue:
 My ſtony name much better ſutes my fall,
 My othes were ſtones; my cruell tongue the ſling:
 My God, the mark: at which my ſpight did ſing.

VVere all the Iewiſh tiranies too few,
 To glut thy hungry lookes with his diſgrace:
 That thou more hatefull tirannies muſt ſhew:
 And ſpet thy poyſon in thy Makers face?
 Didſt thou to ſpare his foes put vp thy ſword:
bn, 16. To brandiſh now thy tongue againſt thy Lord?

Ah tongue, that didſt his prayſe and Godhead ſound,
 How wert thou ſlain'd with ſuch deteſting words,
 That euery word was to his hart a wound,
 And launſt him deeper then a thouſand ſwords?
 VVhat rage of man, yea what infernall ſpirite,
 Could haue diſgorg'd more loathſome dregs of ſpite?
 VVhy

COMPLAINT.

7.

VVhy did the yeelding sea like marble way
Support a wretch more wauering then the waues?
VVhom doubt did plunge, why did the water stay,
Vnkind, in kindnes: murthuring, while it saues?
O that this tongue had then been fishes foode,
And I deuour'd before this cursing moode.

Mat. 14.

Their surges, depths, and seas vnfirm by kind,
Rough gusts, and distance both from ship & shoare,
VVere titles to excuse my staggering mind,
Stout feet might falter on that liquid floare.
But heere, no seas, no blasts, no billowes were,
A puffe of womans wind bred all my feare.

O coward troup, far better arm'd then harted,
VVhom angry words, whō blowes could not prouoke,
VVhom thogh I taught how sore my weapon smarted,
Yet none repaide me with a wounding stroke,
O no: that stroke could but one moiety kill,
I was reseru'd both halfe at once to spill.

Iohn,

Ah, whether was forgotten loue exile?
VVhere did the truth of pledged promise sleepe?
VVhat in my thoughts begat this vgly child,
That could through rented soule thus fircely creepe?
O viper, feare their death by whom thou liuest,
All good thy ruines wreck, all euils thou giuest,

B3

Threats

Threats threw me not, torments I none assayd:
 My fray, with shades: conceits did make me yield,
 VVounding my thoughts with feares: selfely dismayd,
 Ineyther fought nor lost, I gaue the field:
 Infamous foyle: a Maidens easie breath,
 Did blow me downe, and blast my soule to death.

Math, 16. Titles I make vntruths, am I a rocke?
 That with so soft a gale was ouer-throwne?
 Am I fit Pastor for the faithfull flocke,
 To guide their soules, that mured thus mine owne?
Mar. 9, A rocke of ruine, not a rest to stay,
 A Pastor, not to feede, but to betray.

Fidelitie was flowne, when feare was hatched,
 Incompatible broode in vertues nest:
 Courage can lesse with cowardise be matched,
 Prowesse nor loue lodg'd in deuided brest;
 O Adams child, cast by a sillie Eue,
 Heire to thy Fathers foyles, and borne to grieue.

Mat, 17. In Thabors ioyes I eger was to dwell,
Iohn, 21. An earnest friend while pleasures light did shine,
Math, 16. But when ecclipsed glory prostrate fell,
 These zealous heates to sleepe I did resigne;
 And now, my mouth hath thrise his name defil'd,
 That cry'd so loude three dwellings there to build.

VWhen

COMPLAINT.

9.

When *Christ* attending the distressefull hower,
With his surcharged brest dyd blesse the ground,
Prostrate in pangs, rayning a bleeding shower,
Me, like my selfe, a drowfie friend he found;
Thrice in his care, sleepe closd my carelesse eye,
Presage, how him my tongue should thrice deny.

Parting from *Christ*, my fainting force declin'd,
With lingring foote I followed him a loofe,
Base feare out of my hart his loue vnshrin'd,
Huge in high words, but impotent in prooffe;
My vaunts did seeme hatcht vnder Sampsons locks,
Yet womans words did giue me murdring knocks.

Mark. 14.
Luke. 22.

So farre luke vvarme desires in crasie loue,
Farre off in neede with feeble foote they traine;
In tydes they swim, low ebbes they scorne to proue,
They seeke theyr friends delights, but shun their paine.
Hire of a hireling minde is earned shame:
Take now thy due: beare thy begotten blame,

Ah, coole remisnes, vertues quartane feuer,
Pynning of loue, consumption of grace:
Old in the cradle, languor dying euer,
Soules wilfull famine, sinnes soft stealing pace,
The vndermining euil of zealous thought,
Seeming to bring no harmes till all be brought.

O por-

SAINT PETERS

John 18.

O portresse of the doore of my disgrace;
VVhose tongue, vnlockt the truth of vowed mind;
VVhose words, from cowards hart did courage chase,
And let in death-full feares my soule to blind,
O hadst thou been the portresse to my tombe:
VVhen thou wert portresse to that cursed roome.

Yet loue, was loath to part; feare, loath to die:
Stay, danger life, did counterplead their causes:
I fauouring stay, and life, bad danger flie:
But danger did except against these clauses.
Yet stay, and liue, I would, and danger shunne:
And lost my selfe, while I my verdict wonne.

I stayde, yet did my staying farthest part:
I liu'd; but so, that sauing life, I lost it:
Danger I shun'd, but to my forer smart:
I gayned nought, but deeper damage crost it,
VVhat danger, distance, death is worse then this,
That runnes from God and spoiles his soule of blisse?

Job, 18, 16 O *John* my guide into this earthly hell,
Too well acquainted in so ill a court,
VVhere rayling mouthes with blasphemies did swell,
VVith taynted breath infecting all resort,
VVhy didst thou lead me to this hell of evils:
To shew my selfe a fiend among the deuils?

Euill

COMPLAINT.

II

Euill president, the tyde that wafts to vice
Dumme Orator, that woes with silent deeds,
VVriting in works lessons of ill aduise,
The doing tale that eye in practise reedes:
Taster of ioyes: to vnacquainted hunger:
VVith leauen of the old, seasoning the younger.

It seemes no fault to doe that all haue done:
The number of offenders hides the sinne:
Coach drawne with many horse, doth easely runne,
Soone followeth one where multitudes beginne.
O, had I in that court much stronger bin;
Or not so strong as first to enter in.

Sharpe was the weather in that stormy place,
Best siting harts benum'd with hellish frost,
VVhose crueltie malice could admit no grace,
VVhere coales were kindled to the warmers cost.
VVhere feare, my thoughts candied with ysie cold:
Heate, did my tongue to periuries vnfold.

John 18.

O hatefull fire (ah that I euer saw it)
Too hard my hart was frozen for thy force,
Farre hotter flames it did require to thaw it,
Thy hell resembling heate did freeze it worse,
O that I rather had congeal'd to yse,
Then bought thy warm'th at such a damning price.

C.

O

Mat. 26. O wakefull bird, proclaimer of the day,
Mark. 14. VVhose piercing note doth daunt the Lions rage:
 Thy crowing did my selfe to me bewray,
 My frights, and brutish heates it did aswage.
 But ô, in this alone vnhappy Cocke:
 That thou to count my foyles wert made the clocke.

O bird, the iust rebuker of my crime,
 The faithfull waker of my sleeping feares:
 Be now the daily clocke to strike the time,
 VVhen stinted eyes shall pay their taske of teares.
 Vpbraide mine eares with thine accusing crow:
 To make me rew that first it made me know,

O milde reuenger of aspiring pride,
 Thou canst dismount high thoughts to low effects:
 Thou mad'st a Cocke me for my fault to chide,
 My lofty boasts this lowly bird corrects.
 VVell might a Cocke correct me with a crow:
 VVhom hennish cackling first did ouer-throw.

VVeake weapons did Goliath fumes abate,
1, Reg. 17. VVhose storming rage did thunder threats in vaine:
 His body huge, harness with massie plate,
 Yet Dauid's stone brought death into his braine.
 VVith staffe and sling as to a dog he came:
 And with contempt did boasting fury tame.

Yet

COMPLAINT.

13

Yet David had with Beare and Lyon fought,
His skilfull might excusd Golias foyle:
The death is easd that worthy hand hath wrought,
Some honour liues in honorable spoyle;
But I on whom all infamies must light,
VVas hisd to death with words of womens spight.

Small gnats enforst th'Egiptian King to stoupe,
Yet they in swarmes and arm'd with piercing stings: *Exod. 8,*
Smart, noyse, annoyance, made his courage droupe,
No small incombrance such small vermine brings:
I quaild at words that neither bit nor stung,
And those deliuered from a womans tung.

Ah feare, abortiue impe of drouping mind:
Selfe ouer-throw; false friend; roote of remorse:
Sighted, in seeing euils; in shunning blind:
Foyld without field; by fancie not by force;
Ague of valour; phrensie of the wise;
True honours staine; loues frost; the mint of lies.

Can vertue, wisedome, strength by women spild
In Davids, Salomons, and Sampsons falls,
VVith semblance of excuse my error guild,
Or lend a marble glose to muddy walls?
Ono, their fault had show of some pretence,
No veyle can hide the shame of my offence.

2, Reg. 11.
3, Reg. 11.
Iudg. 16.

M
M

The blaze of beauties beames allur'd their lookes,
 Their lookes, by seeing oft, conceiued loue:
 Loue, by affecting, swallowed pleasures hookes:
 Thus beauty, loue, and pleasure them did moue.
 These Syrens sugred tunes rockt them a sleepe:
 Enough, to damne, yet not to damne so deepe.

But gracious features dazeled not mine eies,
 Two homely droyles were authors of my death:
 Not loue, but feare, my senses did surprize:
 Not feare of force, but feare of womans breath.
 And those vnarm'd, ill grac'd despis'd, vnknowne:
 So base a blast my truth hath ouer-throwne.

O women, woe to men: traps for their falls,
 Still actors in all tragicall mischances:
 Earths necessary euils, captiuing thralls,
 Now murdring with your tongs, now with your glan-
 Parents of life, and loue: spoylers of both, (ces,
 The theeues of harts: false do you loue or loth.

I,

Luk. 22.

In time, ô Lord, thine eyes with mine did meete,
 In them I read the ruines of my fall:
 Their chearing rayes that made misfortune sweete,
 Into my guilty thoughts pourd floods of gall,
 Their heauenly looks that blest where they beheld,
 Darts of disdain, and angry checks did yeeld.

O sacred

O sacred eyes, the springs of liuing light,
 The earthly heauens, where Angels ioy to dwell:
 How could you deigne to view my deathfull plight,
 Or let your heauenly beames looke on my hell?
 But those vnspotted eyes encountred mine,
 As spotlesse Sunne doth on the dunghill shine.

Sweet volumes stoard with learning fit for Saints,
 VVhere blisfull quires imparadize their minds,
 VVherein eternall study neuer faints,
 Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds,
 How endlesse is your laborinth of blisse,
 VVhere to be lost the sweetest finding is?

Ah wretch how oft haue I sweet lessons read,
 In those deare eyes the registers of truth?
 How oft haue I my hungry wishes fed,
 And in their happy ioyes redress'd my ruth?
 Ah that they now are Heralds of disdaine:
 That erst were euer pittiers of my paine.

You flames diuine that sparkle out your heats,
 And kindle pleasing fires in mortall harts:
 You Nectar'd Aumbryes of soule feeding meates,
 You gracefull quiuers of loues deereft darts:
 You did vouchsafe to warme, to wound, to feast,
 My cold, my stony, my now famish'd breast.

The matchles eyes, match'd onely each by other,
 VVere pleas'd on my ill matched eyes to glaunce:
 The eye of liquid pearle, the purest mother,
 Broch'd teares in mine to weepe for my mischance;
 The cabinets of grace vnlockt their treasure,
 And did to my misdeed their mercies measure.

These blazing Commets, lightning flames of loue,
 Made me their warming influence to know;
 My frozen hart their sacred force did proue,
 VVhich at their looks did yeeld like melting snow,
 They did not ioyes in former plenty carue,
 Yet sweete are crums where pined thoughts doe starue,

O liuing mirrours, seeing whom you shew,
 VVhich equall shadows worths with shadowed things:
 Yea make things nobler then in natiue hew,
 By being shap'd in those life-gyuing springs;
 Much more my image in those eyes was grac'd,
 Then in my selfe, whom sinne and shame defac'd.

All-seeing eyes, more worth then all you see,
 Of which one is the others onely price:
 I worthlesse am, direct your beames on mee,
 VVith quickning vertue cure my killing vice.
 By seeing things, you make things worth the sight,
 You seeing, salue, and being seene delight.

O Pooles

O Pooles of Hesebon, the baths of grace,
 VWhere happy spirits diue in sweet desires:
 VWhere Saints reioyce to glasse their glorious face,
 VWhose banks make Eccho to the Angels quires,
 An Eccho sweeter in the sole rebound,
 Then Angels musick in the fullest sound.

O eyes, whose glaunces are a silent speech,
 In ciphred words high misteries disclosing:
 VWhich with a looke all Sciences can teach,
 VWhose textes to faithfull harts need little glosing:
 VVitnesse vnworthy I, who in a looke,
 Learn'd more by rote, then all the scribes by booke.

Tough malice still posselt their hardned minds,
 I, though too hard, learn'd softnes in thine eye,
 VWhich yron knots of stubborne will vnbinds,
 Offring them loue, that loue with loue will buy,
 This did I learne, yet they could not discerne it,
 But woe, that I had now such neede to learne it.

O Sunnes, all but your selues in light excelling,
 VWhose presence, day, whose absence causeth night,
 VWhose neighbour course, brings Sommer, cold expel-
 VWhose distant periods freeze away delight. (ling,
 Ah, that I lost your bright and fostring beames,
 To plunge my soule in these congealed streames.

O graci-

O gracious spheres where loue the Center is,
 A native place for our selfe-loaden soules :
 The compasse, loue, a cope that none can mis,
 The motion, loue that round about vs rowles :
 O Spheres of loue, whose Center, cope, and motion,
 Is loue of vs, loue that inuites deuotion.

O little worlds, the summes of all the best,
 VWhere glory, heauen, God, sonne, all vertues, stars ;
 VWhere fire a loue that next to heauen doth rest,
 Ayre, light of life, that no distemper marres ;
 The water, grace, whose seas, whose springes, vvhose
 Cloth natures earth with euerlasting flowers. (showers.

VWhat mixtures these sweet elements do yeeld,
 Let happy worldlings of those worlds expound,
 But simples are by compounds farre exceld,
 Both sute a place, where all best things abound.
 And if a banisht wretch gesse not amisse :
 All but one compound frame of perfect blisse.

I, out-cast from these worlds exiled rome,
 Poore Saint, from heauen, from fire cold Salamander:
 Lost fish; from those sweet waters kindly home,
 From land of life, stray'd pilgrim still I wander.
 I know the cause: these worlds had neuer hell,
 In which my faults haue best deseru'd to dwell.

O Be-

COMPLAINT.

19

O Bethel cisterns, *Dauid's* most desire,
From which my sinnes like fierce Philistims keepe,
To fetch your drops what Champions should I hire,
That I therein my withered hart may sleepe.
I would not shed them like that holy King,
His were but tipes, these are the figured thing.

2, Reg. 23

O Turtle twins all bath'd in virgins milke,
Vpon the margin of full flowing banks:
VVhose gracefull plume surmounts the finest silke,
VVhose sight enamoreth heauens most happy ranks,
Could I forswear this heauenly payre of Doues,
That cag'd in care for me were groning loues.

Can. 5, 11.
12.

Twise *Moses* wand did strike the stubborne Rock
Ere stony veynes would yeeld their cristall blood:
Thy eyes, one looke seru'd as an onely knocke,
To make my hart gush out a weeping flood.
VVherein my sinnes as fishes spawne their frie,
To shew their inward shames, and then to die.

Exod. 17.
verse 6.

But ô, how long demurre I on his eyes,
VVhose looke did pearce my hart with healing wound:
Launcing impostumd sore of periurd lyes,
VVhich these two issues of mine eyes hath found:
VVhere runne it must, till death the issues stop,
And penall life hath purgd the finall drop.

D.

Like

Like solest Swan that swims in silent deepe
And neuer sings but obsequies of death,
Sigh out thy plaints, and sole in secret weepe,
In suing pardon, spend thy periurd breath,
Attire thy soule in sorrowes mourning weede,
And at thine eyes let guilty conscience bleede.

Still in the Limbecke of thy dolefull brest
These bitter fruits that from thy sinnes doe grow,
For fuell, selfe accusing thoughts be best,
Use feare as fire, the coales let pennance blow;
And seeke none other quintessence but teares,
That eyes may shed what entred at thine eares,

Come sorrowing teares, the ofspring of my grieve,
Scant not your Parent of a needfull ayde;
In you I rest, the hope of wish'd reliefe,
By you my sinfull debts must be defrayd:
Your power preuailes; your sacrifice is gratefull,
By loue obtayning life to men most hatefull.

Come good effects of ill-deseruing cause;
Ill gotten impes, yet vertuously brought forth:
Selfe-blaming probates, of infringed lawes,
Yet blamed faults redeeming with your worth;
The signes of shame in you each eye may read,
Yet while you guilty proue, you pittie plead.

O beame

O beames of mercy beate on sorrowes Clowde,
 Poure suppling showres vpon my parched ground:
 Bring forth the fruite to your due seruice vowde,
 Let good desires with like deserts be crownd.
 VVater young blooming vertues tender flower,
 Sinne did all grace of riper groth deuoure.

VVeepe Balme and Mirrhe you sweet Arabian trees,
 VVith purest gummes perfume and pearle your ryne:
 Shed on your honey drops you busie Bees,
 I, barraine plant, must weepe vnpleasant bryne,
 Hornets I hye, salt drops their labour plyes,
 Suckt out of sinne, and shed by showring eyes,

If Daud night by night did bath his bed,
 Esteeming longest dayes too short to mone:
 Inconsolable teares if Anna shed,
 VVho in her sonne her solace had forgone,
 Then I to dayes, and weekes, to months and yeeres,
 Do owe the houely rent of stintlesse teares,

Psalm, 6, 7

Tob. 10,

If loue, if losse, if fault, if spotted fame,
 If danger, death, if wrath or wreck of vveale,
 Entitle eyes true heyres to earned blame,
 That due remorse in such euent conceale,
 Then want of teares might well enroll my name,
 As chiefest Saint in Calender of shame.

Loue, where I lou'd, was due, and best deseru'd,
 No loue could ayme at more loue-worthy marke,
 No loue more lou'd then mine of him I seru'd,
 Large vse he gaue, a flame for euery sparke.
 This loue I lost, this losse a life must rue,
 Yea life is short to pay the ruth is due.

I lost all that I had, and had the most,
 The most that will can wish, or wit deuise:
 I least perform'd, that did most vainely boast,
 I stain'd my fame in most infamous wise.
 VVhat danger then, death, wrath, or wreck can moue,
 More pregnant cause of teares then this I proue?

Gene. 3, 7. If Adam sought a veyle to scarfe his sinne,
 Taught by his fall to feare a scourging hand,
 If men shall wish that hils should wrap them in,
 VVhen crimes in finall doome come to be scand,
 VVhat mount, what caue, what center can conceale
 My monstrous fact, which euen the birds reueale?

Come shame, the liuery of offending minde,
 The vgly shroude that ouer-shadoweth blame:
 The mulct, at which foule faults are iustly finde,
 The dampe of sinne, the common sluice of fame,
 By which impostum'd tongues their humours purge,
 Light shame on me, I best deseru'd the scourge,

Caines

COMPLAINT.

23.

Caines murdering hand imbrude in brothers blood
More mercy then my impious tongue may craue: *Gene. 4.*
He kild a riual with pretence of good,
In hope Gods doubled loue alone to haue:
But feare so spoyld my vanquisht thoughts of loue,
That periurde oathes my spightfull hate did proue.

Poore Agar from her phere enforc'd to flye,
VVandring in Barfabeian wildes alone:
Doubting her child through helples drought would dye,
Layd it aloofe, and set her downe to moane.
The heauens with prayers, her lap with teares she filld,
A mothers loue in losse is hardly filld.

But Agar now bequeath thy teares to me,
Feares, not effects, did set a-flote thine eyes: *Gene. 22.*
But wretch I feele more then was feard of thee;
Ah not my Sonne, my soule it is that dyes:
It dyes for drought yet hath a spring in sight,
VVorthy to dye, that would not liue and might.

Faire Absolons foule faults compar'd with mine, *2, Reg. 15*
Are brightest sands, to mud of Sodome Lakes;
High aymes, yong spirits, birth of royall line,
Made him play false where Kingdoms were the stakes,
He gaz'd on golden hopes, whose lustre winnes
Somtime the grauest wits to greuous sinnes.

D3

But

But I whose crime cuts off the least excuse,
 A Kingdome lost, but hop'd no mite of gaine,
 My highest marke, was but the worthlesse vse,
 Of some few lingring howres of longer paine;
 Vngratefull child, his Parent he persude,
 I, Gyants warre with God himselfe renude.

Math. 22. Ioy infant Saints, whom in the tender flower
 A happy storme did free from feare of sinne,
 Long is theyr life that die in blisfull hower,
 Ioyfull such ends as endlesse ioyes begin.
 Too long they liue, that liue till they be nought,
 Life sau'd by sinne, base purchase deerely bought.

Gen

This lot was mine, your fate was not so feare,
 VVhom spotlesse death in Cradle rockt a sleepe,
 Sweet Roses mixt with Lillies strow'd your hearse,
 Death virgin white in Martirs red did sleepe.
 Your downy heads both pearles & Rubies crownd,
 My hoary locks did female feares confound.

You bleating Ewes that wayle this vvoluish spoyle,
 Of sucking Lambs new bought with bitter throwes,
 T'inbalme your babes your eyes distill their oyle,
 Each hart to tombe her child wide rupture showes;
 Rue not their death whom death did but reuiue:
 Yeeld ruth to me that liu'd to die aliue.

VVith

VVith easie losse sharpe wreacks did he eschew,
 That Sindonles aside did naked slip,
 Once naked grace no outward garment knew,
 Rich are his robes whom sinne did neuer strip,
 I that in vaints displaid prides fayrest flags,
 Disrob'd of grace, am wrapt in Adams rags.

VVhen traytor to the sonne, in Mothers eyes,
 I shall present my humble sute for grace,
 VVhat blush can paint the shame that will arise,
 Or write my inward feeling in my face?
 Might she the sorrow with the sinner see,
 Though I dispisde: my griefe might pittied bee.

But ah, how can her eares my speech endure,
 Or sent my breath still reeking hellish steeme?
 Can Mother like what did the Sonne abiure,
 Or hart deflowr'd a virgins loue redeeme?
 The Mother nothing loues that Sonne doth loath,
 Ah lothsome wretch, detested of them both.

O sister Nymphes, the sweet renowned payre
 That blesse Bethania bounds with your abode:
 Shall I infect that sanctified ayre,
 Or staine those steps where *Iesus* breath'd and trode?
 No: let your prayers perfume that sweetned place:
 Turne me with Tygers to the wildest chase.

Could.

John, 11.

Could I reuiued Lazarus behold,
 The third of that sweet Trinity of Saints?
 Would not astonisht dread my senses hold?
 Ah yes, my hart euen with his naming faints;
 I seeme to see a messenger from hell,
 That my prepared torments comes to tell.

Mat. 17.
 Luke, 8.

O Iohn, ô James, we made a triple cord
 Of three most louing and best loued friends:
 My rotten twist was broken with a word,
 Fit now to fuell fire among the fiends;
 It is not euer true, though often spoken,
 That triple twisted cord is hardly broken.

The dispossessed deuils that out I threw
 In I E S V S name, now impiously forsworne,
 Triumph to see me caged in theyr mew,
 Trampling my ruines with contempt and scorne;
 My periuries were musick to their daunce,
 And now they heape disdaines on my mischaunce.

Our rocke (say they) is riuen, ô welcome howre,
 Our Eagles wings are clipt that wrought so hie:
 Our thundring Cloude made noyse but cast no showre,
 He prostrate lyes that would haue scal'd the skie,
 In womans tongue our runner found a rub,
 Our Cedar now is shrunke into a shrub.

These

These scornfull vvords vpbraid my inward thought,
Proofes of their damned, prompters neighbour voyce:
Such vgly guests still wait vpon the nought,
Fiends swarm to soules that swarue from vertues choise,
For breach of plighted truth, this true I trie;
Ah, that my deed thus gaue my word the lie.

Once, and but once, too deere a once to twice it,
A heauen, in earth, Saints, nere my selfe I saw;
Sweet vvas the sight, but sweeter loues did spice it,
But fights and loues did my misdeed vvith-draw.
From heauen and Saints, to hell and deuils estrang'd,
Those sights to frights, those loues to hates are chang'd.

Christ, as my God, was tempted in my thought,
As man, he lent mine eyes their deereft light,
But sinne, his temple hath to ruine brought:
And novv, he lightneth terrour from his fight,
Now of my lay vnconsecrate desires,
Prophaned wretch I tast the earned hires.

Ah sinne, the nothing that doth all things file;
Out-cast from heauen, earths curse, the cause of hell:
Parent of death, author of our exile,
The wrecke of foules, the wares that fiends doe sell,
That men to monsters; Angels turnes to deuils:
VVrong, of all rights; selfe ruine; roote of euils.

E.

A thing

A thing most done; yet more then God can doe;
 Daily new done; yet euer done amisse;
 Friende of all, yet vnto all a foe,
 Seeming a heauen, yet banishing from blisse.
 Serued with toyle, yet paying nought but paine:
 Mans deepest losse, though false, esteemed gaine,

Mat. I
 Luke, 8

Shot, without noyse; wound without present smart,
 First seeming light; prouing in fine a lode,
 Enttring with ease, not easily wonne to part,
 Far in effects from that the shewes abode;
 Endorc'd with hope, subscribed with dispaire;
 Vgly in death, though life did saine it faire,

O forfeiture of heauen; eternall debt,
 A moments ioy; ending in endlesse fires;
 Our natures scum; the worlds entangling Net;
 Night of our thoughts; death of all good desires.
 VVorse then all this; worse then all tongues can say,
 VVhich man could owe, but onely God defray.

This fawning viper; dum till he had wounded,
 VVith many mouthes doth now vpbraide my harmes
 My sight was vaild till I my selfe confounded,
 Then did I see the dissincharnted charmes.
 Then could I cut the Anotomy of sinne,
 And search with Linxes eyes what lay within,

Bewite

Bewitching euill, that hides death in deceits,
 Still borrowing lying shapes to maske thy face,
 Now know I the deciphring of thy sleights,
 A cunning, deerely bought with losse of grace;
 Thy sugred poyson now hath wrought so well,
 That thou hast made me to my selfe a hell.

My eye, reades mournful lessons to my hart,
 My hart, doth to my thought the greefes expound,
 My thought, the same doth to my tongue impart,
 My tongue, the message in the eares doth sound;
 My eares, back to my hart their sorrowes send,
 Thus circkling griefes runne round without an end.

My guiltie eye still seemes to see my sinne,
 All things Characters are to spell my fall,
 VVhat eye doth reade without, hart rues within,
 VVhat hart doth rue, to penſue thought is gall,
 VVhich whe the thought would by the tongue digest,
 The eare conueyes it backe into the brest.

Thus gripes in all my parts doe neuer fayle,
 VVhose onely league is now in barring paines,
 VVhat ling'ring losse, they traffique by retayle,
 Making each others miseries theyr gaines;
 All bound for euer, prentices to care,
 VVhilst I in shop of shame trade sorrowes ware.

Pleas'd with displeasing lot I seeke no change,
 I wealthiest am when richest in remorse;
 To fetch my ware no seas nor lands I range,
 For customers to buy I nothing force.
 My home-bred goods at home are bought and sold,
 And still in me the interest I hold.

My comfort now is comfortlesse to liue,
 In Orphan state deuoted to mishap:
 Rent from the roote, that sweetest fruite did giue,
 I scorn'd to graffe in stock of meaner sap.
 No iuyce can ioy me but of Iesse flower,
 VVhose heauenly roote hath true reuiuing power.

At sorrowes dore I knockt, they crau'd my name;
 I aunswered one, vnworthy to be knowne;
 VVhat one, say they? one worthiest of blame.
 But who? a vvretch, not Gods, nor yet his owne.
 A man? O no, a beast; much worse: what creature?
 A rocke: how cald? the rocke of scandale, Peter.

From whence? frō Caiphas house, ah dwell you there?
 Sinnes farme I rented there, but now would leaue it!
 VVhat rent? my soule; what gaine? vnrest, and feare,
 Deere purchase. Ah too deere, will you receiue it?
 VVhat shall we giue? fit teares, and times to plaine me,
 Come in, say they; thus griefes did entertaine me.

VVith

VVith them I rest true prisoner to theyr Iayle,
 Chayn'd in the yron linkes of basest thrall,
 Till grace vouchsafing captiue soule to bayle,
 In wonted See degraded loues enstall.
 Dayes, passe in plaints; the nights without repose,
 I vvake, to weepe, I sleepe in waking woes.

Sleepe, deaths allye, obliuion of teares,
 Silence of passions, balme of angry sore,
 Suspence of loues, securitie of feares,
 VVraths lenitiue, harts ease, stormes calmest shore,
 Sences and soules repriual from all cumbers,
 Benumbing sence of ill, with quiet slumbers.

Not such my sleepe, but vvhisperer of dreames,
 Creating strange chymeraes, fayning frights:
 Of day discourses giuing fansie theames,
 To make dum shewes with worlds of anticke sights,
 Casting true griefes in fansies forging mold,
 Brokenly telling tales rightly fore-told.

This sleepe most fitly sutureth sorrowes bed,
 Sorrovv, the smart of euill, Sinnes eldest child:
 Best, vvhen vnkind in killing who it bred,
 A racke for guiltie thoughts, a bit for wild.
 The scourge that whips, the salve that cures offence:
 Sorrow, my bed, and home, while life hath sence.

Heere solitarie Muses nurse my griefes,
 In silent lonenesse burying worldly noyse,
 Attentive to rebukes, deafe to releefes,
 Pensive to foster cares, carelesse of ioyes;
 Ruing lifes losse vnder deaths dreary roofes,
 Solemnizing my funerall behoofes.

A selfe contempt the shroude, my soule the corse,
 The beere, an humble hope, the herse-cloth, feare;
 The mourners, thoughts, in blacks of deepe remorse,
 The herse, grace, pittie, loue, and mercy beare.
 My teares, my dole, the Priest a zealous will:
 Pennance the tombe: and dolefull sighes the knill,

Christ, health of feuer'd soule, heauen of the mind,
 Force of the feeble, nurse of infant loues,
 Guide to the wandring foote, light to the blind,
 VVhom weeping winnes, repentant sorrow moues,
 Father in care, mother in tender hart,
 Reuiue and saue me, slaine with sinfull dart.

If King Manasses sunke in depth of sinne,
 VVith plaints and teares recouered grace and crowne.
 A worthlesse worme some milde regard may winne,
 And lowly creepe, where flying threw it downe.
 A poore desire I haue to mend my ill,
 I should, I would, I dare not say, I will.

I dare

I dare not say, I will; but wish I may,
My pride is checkt, high words the speaker spilt :
My good, ô Lord, thy gift, thy strength, my stay;
Giue what thou bidst, and then bid what thou wilt.
VVorke with me what thou of me doo'st request,
Then will I dare the most, and vow the best.

Prone looke, crost armes, bent knee, and contrite hart,
Deepe sighs, thick sobs, dew'd eyes, & prostrate prayers,
Most humbly beg release of earned smart,
And sauing shroud in mercies sweet repaires.
If iustice should my wrongs with rigor wage :
Feares, would dispaire; ruth, breed a hopelesse rage.

Lazar at pitties gate I vlcered lye,
Crauing the reffues crums of childrens plate :
My sores, I lay in view to mercies eye,
My rags, beare witnes of my poore estate;
The wormes of conscience that within me swarme:
Proue that my plaints are lesse then is my harme.

VVith mildnes, *Iesu*, measure mine offence;
Let true remorse thy due reuenge abate;
Let teares appease when trespassse doth incense:
Let pittie temper thy deserued hate.
Let grace forgiue, let loue forget my fall,
VVith feare I craue, with hope I humbly call.

Redeeme

Redeeme my lapse with raunsome of thy loue,
Trauerse th'inditement, rigors doome suspend:
Let frailty fauour, sorrowes succour moue,
Bethou thy selfe, though changeling I offend.
Tender my sute, clense this defiled denne,
Cancell my debts, sweet *Iesu*, say Amen.

The end of Saint Peters complaint.



Mary



M A R I E M A G D A L E N S

B L V S H.

THE signes of shame that staine my blushing face,
 Rise from the feeling of my raving fits,
 VVhose ioy annoy, whose guerdon is disgrace:
 VVhose solace flies, whose sorrow neuer flits:
 Bad seede I sow'd, worse fruite is now my gaine,
 Soone dying mirth begat long liuing paine.

Now pleasure ebbes, reuenge begins to flow,
 One day doth wreake the wrath that many wrought:
 Remorse doth teach my guilty thoughts to know
 How cheape I sould, that Christ so deerely bought.
 Faults long vnfelt doth conscience now bewray,
 VVhich cares must cure, and teares must wash away.

All ghostly dynts that grace at me did dart
 Like stubborne rocke I forced to recoyle;
 To other flights an ayme I made my hart, (foyle.
 vvwhose wounds then welcome, now haue wrought my
 VVoe worth the bow, woe worth the Archers might,
 That draue such arrowes to the marke so right.

F,

To

36.

Marie Magdalens blush.

To pull them out, to leaue them in, is death:
One, to this world: one, to the world to come:
VVounds may I weare, and draw a doubtfull breath:
But then my wounds will worke a dreadfull dome,
And for a world, whose pleasures passe away,
I lose a world, whose ioyes are past decay.

O sence, ô foule, ô had, ô hoped blisse,
You wooe, you weane, you draw, you driue me back.
Your crosse encountring, like their combate is,
That neuer end but with some deadly wrack.
VVhen sence doth win, the soule doth loose the field,
And present haps make future hopes to yeeld.

O heauen lament, sence robbeth thee of Saints,
Lament ô soules, sence spoyleth you of grace.
Yet sence doth scarce deserue these hard complaints,
Loue is the thiefe, sence but the entring place.
Yet graunt I must, sence is not free from sinne,
For theefe he is, that theefe admitteth in.

Marie



Marie Magdalens complaint
at Christes death.

Sith my life from life is parted:
Death come take thy portion,
VWho suruiues, when life is muredred,
Lives by meere extortion.

All that liue, and not in God,
Couch theyr life in deaths abod.

Seely starres must needes leaue shining,
VWhen the sunne is shaddowed.
Borrowed streames refraine theyr running,
VWhen head springs are hindered.
One that liues by others breath,
Dyeth also by his death.

O true life, since thou hast left me,
Mortall life is tedious,
Death it is to liue without thee,
Death of all most odious.

Turne againe, or take me to thee,
Let me dye, or liue thou in mee.

38. *Marie Magdalens complaint. &c.*

VWhere the truth once was and is not,
Shaddowes are but vanity:
Shewing want, that helpe they cannot,
Signes, not salues of misery.
Painted meate no hunger feedes,
Dying life each death exceeds.

VWith my loue, my life was nestled
In the somme of happinesse;
From my loue, my life is wrested
To a world of heauinesse.
O, let loue my life remoue,
Sith I liue not where I loue.

O my soule, what did vnloose thee
From thy sweet captiuity?
God, not I, did still possesse thee:
His, not mine thy liberty.
O, too happy thrall thou wart,
VWhen thy prison was his hart.

Spightfull speare, that break'ft this prison,
Seate of all felicity,
VWorking this, with double treason,
Loues and liues deliury:
Though my life thou drau'ft away,
Maugre thee my loue shall stay.



Times goe by turnes.

THE lopped tree in time may grow againe,
 Most naked plants renew both fruite and flower :
 The sorriest wight may find release of paine,
 The dryest soyle sucke in some moystning shower.
 Times goe by turnes, and chaunces change by course,
 From foule to faire : from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune dooth not euer flow,
 Shee drawes her fauours to the lowest ebbe :
 Her tydes hath equall times to come and goe,
 Her Loom doth weaue the fine and coursest webbe.
 No ioy so great, but runneth to an end :
 No hap so hard, but may in fine amend.

Not alwayes fall of leafe, nor euer spring,
 No endles night, yet not eternall day :
 The saddest Birds a season find to sing,
 The roughest storme a calme may soone alay.
 Thus with succeeding turnes God tempereth all :
 That man may hope to rise, yet feare to fall.

A chaunce may winne that by mischaunce was lost,
 The net that holds no great, takes little fish ;
 In some things all, in all things none are crost,
 Fewe all they neede : but none haue all they wish,
 Vnmedled ioyes heere to no man befall,
 VVho least, hath some, who most, hath neuer all.



Looke home.

Retyred thoughts enioy their owne delights,
 As beauty doth in selfe-beholding eye:
 Mans minde a mirrour is of heauenly sights,
 A brieft wherein all meruailes summed lye:
 Of fayrest formes, and sweetest shapes the store,
 Most gracefull all, yet thought may grace them more.

The minde a creature is, yet can create,
 To natures patterns adding higher skill:
 Of finest works wit better could the state,
 If force of wit had equall power of will.
 Deuise of man in working hath no end,
 VVhat thought can think, another thought can mend.

Mans soule, of endlesse beauties image is,
 Drawne by the worke of endlesse skill and might;
 This skilfull might gaue many sparks of blisse,
 And to discerne this blisse a natiue light,
 To frame Gods image as his worthes requird,
 His might, his skill, his word, and will conspird.

All that he had, his Image should present,
 All that it should present he could afford;
 To that he could afford his will was bent,
 His will was followed with performing word.
 Let this suffize, by this conceiue the rest,
 He should, he could, he would, he did the best.



Fortunes falshood.

IN worldly merriments lurketh much misery,
 Slie fortunes subtilties in baytes of happines,
 Shrowd hookes, that swallowed, without recovery
 Murder the innocent with mortall heauines.

Shee sootheth appetites with pleasing vanities,
 Till they be conquered with cloaked tiranny,
 Than, changing countenance, with open enmities
 She triumphs over them, scorning their flauery.

VVith fawning flattery Deaths doore she openeth,
 Alluring passengers to bloody desteny:
 In offers bountifull, in prooffe she beggereth;
 Mens ruins registering her false felicity,

Her hopes are fastened in blisse that vanisheth,
 Her smart inherited with sure possession,
 Constant in cruelty, she neuer altereth,
 But from one violence, to more oppression.

To those that follow her, fauours are measured
 As easie premisses to hard conclusions;
 VVith bitter corrosiues her ioyes are seasoned;
 Her highest benefits are but illusions.

Her

Her way's, a Laborinth of wandring passages :
 Fooles common pilgrimage, to cursed deities :
 VVhose fond deuotion and idle menages,
 Are wagde with wearines in fruitlesse drudgeries.

Blinde in her fauorites foolish election,
 Chaunce is her arbiter in giuing dignity :
 Her choyse of visions, shewes most discretion,
 Sith welth the vertuous might wrest from piety.

To humble suppliant, tyrant most obstinate :
 Shee suters aunswereth with contrarieties :
 Proud with petition, vntaught to mittigate
 Rigour with clemencie in hardest cruelties,

Like Tygre fugitiue from the ambitious,
 Like weeping Crocodile to scornfull enemies,
 Suing for amity where she is odious,
 But to her followers forswearing curtesies.

No winde so changeable, no sea so wauering,
 As giddy Fortune in reeling varieties ;
 Now mad, now mercifull, now fierce, now fauoring :
 In all things mutable, but mutabilities.

Scorne



Scorne not the least.

W Here wards are weake, & foes encountring strong,
V Where mightier doe assault then doe defend,
 The feeble part puts vp enforced wrong,
 And silent sees, that speech could not amend;
 Yet higer powers must thinke, though they repine,
V When sunne is set, the little starres will shine.

V While Pike doth range, the silly Tench doth flie,
 And crouch in priuie creekes, with smaller fish:
 Yet Pikes are caught when little fish goe by,
 These fleets a flore, while those doe fill the dish;
 There is a time euen for the wormes to creepe,
 And sucke the dew while all their foes doe sleepe.

The Marline cannot euer soare on high,
 Nor greedy Grey-hound still pursue the chase,
 The tender Larke will finde a time to flie,
 And fearefull Hare to runne a quiet race.
 He that high growth on Cedars did bestow,
 Gaue also lowly Mushrumps leaue to growe.

In Hamans pompe poore Mardocheus wept,
 Yet God did turne his fate vpon his foe.
 The Lazar pynde, while Diues feast was kept,
 Yet he to heauen, to hell did Diues goe.
V Ve trample grasse, and prize the flowers of May,
 Yet grasse is greene, when flowers doe fade away.



The natiuitie of Christ.

BEhold, the Father is his daughters sonne:
 The bird that built the nest, is hatch'd therein:
 The old of yeeres, an howre hath not out-runne:
 Eternall life, to liue doth now beginne,
 The word is dum, the mirth of heauen doth weepe,
 Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creepe.

O dying soules, behold your liuing spring;
 O dazeled eyes, behold your Sonne of grace;
 Dull cares, attend what vword this word doth bring,
 Vp heauie harts, with ioy your ioy embrace.
 From death, from darke, from deafenes, from dispaire,
 Thys life, this light, this word, this ioy repaire.

Gift better then himselfe God doth not know:
 Gift better then his God, no man can see;
 This gyft doth heere the giuer giuen bestow,
 Gift to this gift let each receiuer be.
 God is my gift, himselfe he freely gaue mee,
 Gods gift am I, and none but God shall haue mee.

Man altered was by sinne from man to beast,
 Beasts foode is hay, hay is all mortall flesh,
 Now God is flesh, and lyes in Manger prest,
 As hay, the bruteest sinner to refresh:
 O happy field wherein thys fodder grew,
 VVhose tast, doth vs from beasts to men renew.

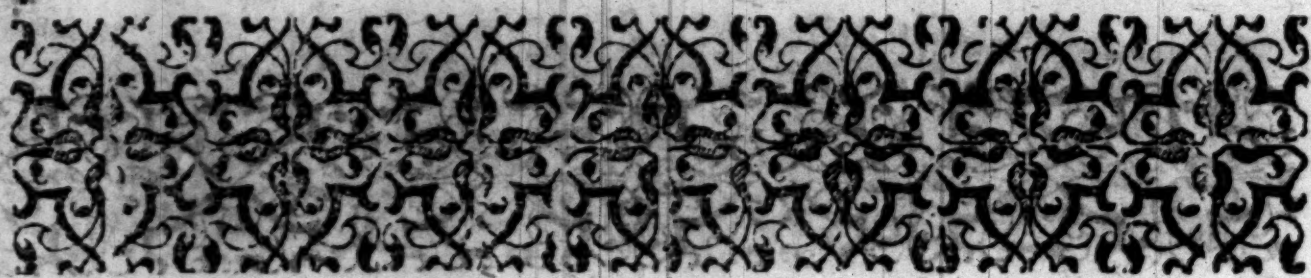
Till

CHRISTS CHILD- HOODE.

Till twelve yeeres age, how Christ his child-hood
 All earthly pennis vnworthy were to write, (spent
 Such acts to mortall eyes he did present,
 VVhose worth, not men, but Angels must recite.
 No natures blots, no childish faults defilde,
 VVhere grace was guide, and God did play the child.

In springing locks, lay couched hoarie wit,
 In semblance young, a graue and auncient port,
 In lowly lookes, high maiestie did sit:
 In tender tongue, sound sence of sagest sort,
 Nature imparted all that shee could teach,
 And God supplied, where nature could not reach.

His mirth, of modest meane a mirrour was,
 His sadnesse, tempered with a milde aspect;
 His eye to try each action was a glas,
 VVhose lookes did good approoue, and bad correct.
 His natures gyfts, his grace, his word and deede,
 VVell shewed that all did from a God proceede.



A Child my choice.

Let folly prayse that fancie loues, I praise and loue that child,
 Whose hart no thought, whose tongue no word, whose hand no deede
 I praise him most, I loue him best, all praise and loue is his: (defild.
 While him I loue, in him I liue, and cannot liue amisse.

Loues sweetest marke, lawdes highest theme, mans most desired light,
 To loue him, life, to leaue him, death, to liue in him, delight.
 He mine by gift, I his by debt, thus each to others due,
 First friend hee was, best friend he is, all times will try him true.

Though young, yet wise, though small, yet strong, though man, yet God he
 As wise, he knowes, as strong he can, as God, he loues to blisse. (is
 His knowledge rules, his strength defends, his loue doth cherrish all,
 His birth our ioy, his life our light, his death our end of thrall.

Alas, hee weepes, he sighes, he pants, yet doe his Angels sing,
 Out of his tearés, his sighes and throbs, doth bud a ioyfull spring,
 Almighty babe, whose tender armes can force all foes to flie,
 Correct my faults, protect my life, direct mee when I die.



Content and rich.

I Dwell in graces Court,
 Enrich'd with vertues rights;
 Fayth guides my wit; loue leades my will,
 Hope, all my minde delights.

In lowly vales I mount
 To pleasures highest pitch:
 My seely throwde true honour brings,
 My poore estate is rich.

My conscience is my crowne,
 Contented thoughts, my rest,
 My hart is happy in it selfe,
 My blisse is in my brest.

Enough, I reckon wealth,
 A meane, the surest lot,
 That lyes too high for base contempt,
 Too low, for enuies shot.

My wishes are but few,
 All easie to fulfill:
I make the limits of my power,
 The bounds vnto my will.

I haue no hopes but one,
 VVhich is of heauenly raigne,
 Effects attaind, or not desir'd
 All lower hopes refraine.

I feele no care of coyne,
 VVell-dooing is my wealth,
 My minde to mean Empire is
 VVhile grace affoordeth health.

I clyp high-clyming thoughts,
 The wings of swelling pride,
 Their fal is worst that from the height
 Of greatest honour slide.

Sith sayles of largest fize
 The storme dooth soonest teare,
 I beare so low and small a saile
 As freeth mee from feare,

I wrastle not with rage
 VVhile furies flame doth burne,
 It is in vaine to stop the streame
 Vntill the tide doth turne.

But when the flame is out,
 And ebbing wrath doth end,
 I turne a late enraged foe
 Into a quiet friend.

And

Content and rich.

49

And taught with often prooffe,
A tempered calme I finde
To be most solace to it selfe,
Best cure for angry mind.

Spare dyet is my fare,
My clothes more fit then fine,
I know I feede and clothe a foe,
That pamp' red, would repine.

I enuie not their hap
VVhom fauour doth aduaunce;
I take no pleasure in their paine
That haue lesse happy chaunce.

To rise by others fall,
I deeme a loosing gaine;
All states with others ruines built,
To ruine runne a-maine.

No change of Fortunes calmes
Can cast my comforts downe,
vvhen Fortune smiles, I smile to thinke
How quickly shee will frowne.

And when in froward moode
Shee proues an angry foe,
Small gaine I found to let her come,
Lesse losse to let her goe.

Losse



Losse in delayes.

Shun delayes, they breede remorse,
 Take thy time while time doth serue thee,
 Creeping Snayles haue weakest force,
 Flie theyr fault, least thou repent thee,
 Good is best when soonest wrought,
 Lingring labours come to noughr.

Hoyse vp saile while gale doth last,
 Tide and winde staie no mans pleasure;
 Seeke not time, when time is past,
 Sober speede is wisdoms leysure:
 After wits are deerely bought,
 Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his locks before,
 Take thou hold vpon his fore-head,
 VVhen he flyes, he turnes no more,
 And behind his scalpe is naked,
 VVorkes aiournd, haue many staves,
 Long demurres breede new delayes.

Seeke

Losse in delayes.

51.

Seeke thy salue while fore is greene,
Festred wounds aske deeper launcing;
After cures are sildome seene,
Often sought scarce euer chauncing,
Time and place giue best aduise,
Out of season, out of price.

Crush the Serpent in the head,
Breake ill egges ere they be caught,
Kill bad Chickins in the tread,
Fligge, they hardly can be hatched.
In the ryfing, stifle ill,
Least it grow against thy will.

Drops doe pierce the stubborne flint,
Not by force but often falling,
Custome kills with feeble dint,
More by vse then strength preuailing.
Single sands haue little waight,
Many makes a drowning freight.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,
Aged trees doe breake with bending,
Young desires make little prease,
Growth doth make them past amending.
Happy man that soone doth knock,
Bable babes against the rocke.

H.

Loue



Loues seruile Lot.

Loue, mistris is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they serue,
They reckon least how little loue
Their seruice doth deserue.

The will she robbeth from the wit,
The sence from reasons lore,
Shee is delightfull in the rine,
Corrupted in the core;

Shee shroudeth vice in vertues vaile,
Pretending good in ill,
She offereth ioy, affordeth grieve,
A kisse where she doth kill.

A honey shower raines from her lips,
Sweet lights shine in her face,
Shee hath the blush of virgine mind,
The mind of Vipers race,

She makes thee seeke, yet feare to find,
To find, but not enioy;
In many frownes some gliding smiles,
She yeelds to more anoy.

She

She wooes thee to come neere her fire,
Yet doth she draw it from thee,
Farre off she makes thy hart to fry,
And yet to freeze within thee.

Shee letteth fall some luring baits
For fooles to gather vp:
Too sweet, too lowre to euery tast
She tempereth her cup.

Soft soules she binds in tender twist,
Small Flyes in spinners webbe,
She sets a floate some luring fireames,
But makes them soone to ebbe,

Her watry eyes haue burning force:
Her floods and flames conspire.
Teares kindle sparks, sobs fuell are:
And sighs doe blow her fire.

May neuer was the Month of loue,
For May is full of flowers,
But rather Aprill wet by kind,
For loue is full of showers.

Like tyrant cruell wounds she giues,
Like Surgeon salue she lends,
But salue and sore haue equall force,
For death is both their ends.

VVith soothing words, inthrall'd soules:
 Shee chaines in seruile bands,
 Her eye in silence hath a speach,
 VWhich eye best vnderstands.

Her little sweet hath many sowres,
 Short hap immortall harmes,
 Her louing lookes, are murdring darts,
 Her songs bewitching charmes.

Like winter rose, and sommer Ise
 Her ioyes are still vntimely,
 Before her hope, behind remorse,
 Faire first, in fine vnseemely.

Moodes passions, fancies iealous fits,
 Attend vpon her traine:
 Shee yeeldeth rest without repose,
 A heau'n in hellish paine.

Her house is sloth, her doore deceite,
 And slippery hope her staires,
 Vnbashfull boldnes bids her guests,
 And euery vice repaires.

Her dyet is of such delight,
 As please till they be past,
 But then the poyson kills the hart,
 That did entise the tast.

Her

Her sleepe in sinne, doth end in wrath,
Remorserings her awake,
Death cals her vp, shame driues her out,
Dispaire her vp-shot make.

Plowe not the Seas, sowe not the sands,
Leaue off your idle paine,
Seeke other mistres for your minds,
Loues seruice is in vaine.



**LIFE IS BUT
LOSSE.**

BY force I liue, in will I wish to dye,
In plaint I passe the length of lingring dayes,
Free would my soule from mortall body flye,
And tread the tracke, of deaths desired wayes;
Life is but losse, where death is deemed gaine,
And loathed pleasures breede displeasing paine.

VWho would not dye to kill all murdering greeues,
Or who would liue in neuer dying feares:
VWho would not wish his treasure safe from theeues,
And quit his hart from pangues, his eyes from teares?
Death parteth but two, euer fighting foes,
VWhose ciuill strife, doth worke our endlesse woes.

Life is a wandring course to doubtfull rest,
 As oft a cursed ryse to damning leape;
 As happy race to winne a heavenly crest,
 None being sure, what finall fruites to reape.
 And who can like, in such a life to dwell,
 VVhose wayes are straite to heau'n, but wide to hell.
 Come cruell death why lingrest thou so long,
 VVhat doth withhold thy dint from fatall stroke?
 Now prest I am alas thou doest me wrong,
 To let me liue more anger to prouoke:
 Thy right is had, when thou hast stopt my breath,
 VVhy should'st thou stay, to work my double death?
 If Saules attempt in falling on his blade,
 As lawfull were, as ethe to put in vre:
 If Sampsons leaue, a common law were made,
 Of Abels lot if all that would were sure.
 Then cruell death thou should'st the tyrant play,
 VVith none but such as wished for delay.
 VVhere life is lou'd, thou ready art to kill,
 And to abridge with sodaine pangues their ioy,
 VVhere life is loath'd thou wilt not work their will,
 But dost adiourne their death to their annoy,
 To some thou art a fierce vnbidden guest,
 But those that craue thy helpe thou helpest least.
 Auant ô viper, I thy spight defie,
 There is a God that ouer-rules thy force,
 VVho can thy weapons to his will apply,
 And shorten or prolong our brittle course:
 I on his mercy, not thy might relye,
 To him I liue, for him I hope to dye.

I dye



*I DIE A-
LIVE.*

O Life whas lets thee from a quick decease?
O death what drawes thee from a present pray?
My feast is done, my soule would be at ease,
My grace is said, ô death come take away.

I liue, but such a life as euer dies,
I die but such a death, as neuer ends,
My death to end my dying life denies,
And life my liuing death no whit amends.

Thus still I dye, yet still I doe reuiue,
My liuing death by dying life is fed:
Grace more then nature keepes my hart aliue,
VVhose idle hopes and vaine desires are dead.

Not where I breath, but where I loue I liue,
Not where I loue, but where I am I dye:
The life I wish, must future glory giue,
The deaths I feele, in present dangers lye.

VVhat



What ioy to liue.

I VVage no warre, yet peace I none enioy,
 I hope, I feare, I fry in freezing cold,
 I mount in mirth still prostrate in annoy,
 I all the world embrace, yet nothing hold.
 All wealth is want where chiefest wishes faile,
 Yea life is loath'd, where loue may not preuaile.

For that I loue, I long, but that I lack,
 That others loue I loath, and that I haue :
 All worldly fraights to me are deadly wrack,
 Men, present hap, I future hopes doe craue.
 They louing where they liue, long life require,
 To liue where best I loue, death I desire.

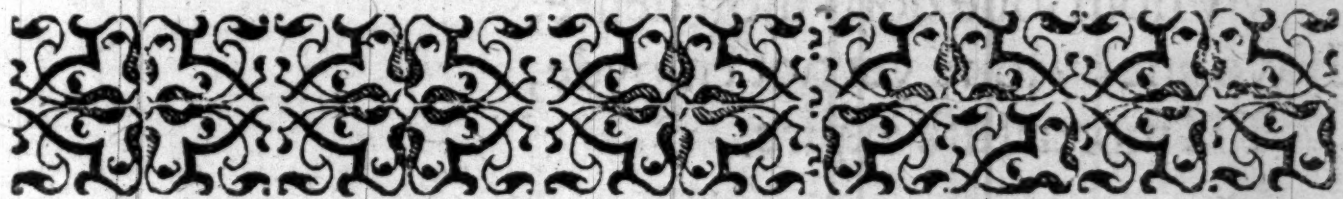
Heere loue is lent for loane of filthy gaine,
 Most friends befriend theſelues with friendships ſhew
 Heere, plenty perrill, want doth breede diſdaine,
 Cares common are, ioyes faulty, ſhort and few.
 Heere honour enuide, meanes is deſpis'd,
 Sinne deemed ſolace, vertue little pris'd.

Heere beauty is a baite that ſwollowed choakes,
 A treaſure ſought ſtill to the owners harmes :
 A light that eyes to murdering ſighs prouokes,
 A grace that ſoules enchant with mortall charmes :
 A luring ayme to Cupids fiery flights,
 A balefull bliſſe that damnes where it delights.

What ioy to liue.

59

O who would liue, so many deaths to try,
VVhere will doth wish that wisdom doth reprove?
VVhere nature craues that grace must needs denie,
VVhere sence doth like, that reason cannot loue,
VVhere best in shew, in finall prooue is worst,
VVhere pleasures vp-shot is to die accurst.



Lifes death Loues life.

WHo liues in loue, loues least to liue,
And long delayes doth rue,
If him he loue by whom he liues
To whom all loue is due.

VVho for our loue did choose to liue,
And was content to die;
VVho lou'd our loue more then his life,
And loue with life did buy.

Let vs in life, yea with our life
Requite his liuing loue,
For best we liue when least we liue,
If loue our life remoue.

VVhere loue is hote, life hatefull is,
Theyr grounds doe not agree,
Loue where it loues, life where it liues,
Desireth most to be.

I.

And

And sith loue is not where it liues,
Nor liueth where it loues,
Loue hateth life, that holds it backe,
And death it best approues,

For sildome is he wonne in life,
VVhom loue doth most desire,
If wonne by loue yet not enioyde,
Till mortall life expire.

Life out of earth, hath not abroad,
In earth loue hath no place,
Loue settled hath her ioyes in heau'n,
In earth life all her grace.

Mourne therefore no true louers death,
Life onely him annoyes,
And when he taketh leaue of life,
Then loue beginnes his ioyes.





AT HOME IN HEA- VEN.

Faire soule, how long shall veiles thy graces shroud?
 How long shall this exile with-hold thy right,
 VVhen will thy sunne disperse this mortall cloud,
 And giue thy glories scope to blaze their light?
 O that a starre more fit for Angels eyes,
 Should pyne in earth, not shine aboue the skyes.

Thys ghostly beauty offred force to God,
 It chayn'd him in the linkes of tender loue,
 It wonne his will with man to make abode:
 It stayd his sword, and did his wrath remoue;
 It made the rigor of his iustice yeeld,
 And crowned mercie Empresse of the field.

Thys lull'd our heauenly Sampson fast a sleepe,
 And layd him in our feeble natures lap;
 Thys made him vnder mortall load to creepe,
 And in our flesh his god-head to enwrap;
 This made him soiourne with vs in exile,
 And not disdaine our tytles in his stile.

Thys brought him from the rankes of heau'nly quires,
 Into this vale of teares, and cursed soyle;
 From flowers of grace, into a vworld of bryers,
 From life to death, from blisse to balefull toyle.
 This made him wander in our Pilgrim weede,
 And taste our torments, to releue our neede.

O soule, doe not thy noble thoughts abase,
 To lose thy loue in any mortall wight,
 Content thine eye at home with native grace,
 Sith God himselfe is ravisht with thy sight,
 If on thy beautie God enamored bee,
 Base is my loue of any lesse then hee.

Giue not assent to muddy minded skill,
 That deemes the feature of a pleasing face,
 To be the sweetest baite to lure the will,
 Not valuing right the worth of ghostly grace;
 Let Gods and Angels censure winne beleefe,
 That of all beauties iudge our soules the chiefe.

Queene Heaster was of rare and peerelesse hew,
 And Iudeth once for beautie bare the vaunt,
 But hee that could our soules endowments view,
 vwould soone to soules the Crowne of beautie graunt,
 O soule out of thy selfe seeke God alone:
 Grace more then thine, but Gods, the world hath none.

Lewd



Lewd loue is losse.

Misdeeming eye that stoopest to the lure,
 Of mortall worths, not worth so worthy loue,
 All beauties base, all graces are impure
 That doe thy erring thought from God remoue.
 Sparkes to the fire, the beames yeeld to the sunne,
 All grace to God, from whom all graces runne.

If picture moue, more should the patterne please,
 No shaddow can, with shaddowed things compare,
 And fayrest shapes whereon our loues doe seaze,
 But silly signes of Gods high beauties are.
 Goe steruing sence, feede thou on earthly mast,
 True loue in Heau'n, seeke thou thy sweet repast.

Gleane not in barren soyle these offall eares,
 Sith reape thou maist whole haruests of delight.
 Base ioyes with griefes, bad hopes doe end in feares,
 Lewd loue with losse, euill peace with deadly fight :
 Gods loue alone doth end with endlesse ease,
 VVhose ioyes in hope, whose hope concludes in peace.

Let not the luring traine of fancies trap,
 Or gracious features proofes of natures skill,
 Lull reasons force a sleepe in errors lap,
 Or draw thy wit to bent of wanton will,
 The fayrest flowers, haue not the sweetest smell,
 A seeming heauen, prooues oft a damning hell.

Selfe-pleasing soules that play with beauties bayte,
 In shyning shroud may swallow fatall hooke,
 VWhere eager sight, or semblant faire doth waite,
 A locke it proues that first was but a looke;
 The fish with ease into the Net doth glide,
 But to get out, the way is not so wide.

So long the flie doth dallie with the flame,
 Vntill his finged wings doe force his fall,
 So long the eye doth follow fancies game,
 Till loue hath left the hart in heauie thrall;
 Soone may the minde be cast in Cupids Iayle,
 But hard it is imprisoned thoughts to bayle.

O loath that loue, whose finall ayme is lust,
 Moth of the minde, eclypse of reasons light,
 The graue of grace, the mole of natures rust,
 The wrack of wit, the wrong of euery right;
 In summe, an euill whose harmes no tongue can tell,
 In which to liue is death, to dye is hell,

VAineloues auant, infamous is your pleasure,
Your ioy deceit,
Your iewels iests, & worthlesse trash your treasure
Foolles common bait.

Your pallace is a prison that allureth
To sweet mishap, and rest that paine procureth.

Your garden grieve, hedg'd in with thornes of enuie,
And stakes of strife,

Your Allyes error, graueled with iealousie,
And cares of life.

Your banks are seates enwrapt with shades of sadnes,
Your Arbours breede rough fitts of raging madnes.

Your beds are sowne with seedes of all iniquitie,
And poys'ning weedes :

VVhose stalks euill thoughts, whose leaues words ful of
VVhose fruite misdeedes. (vanitie,

VVhose sap is sinne, whose force and operation,
To banish grace, and worke the soules damnation.

Your trees are dismall plants of pynning corrosiues,
VVhose roote is ruth.

VVhose barke is bale, whose timber stubborne fantasies
VVhose pyth vntruth.

On which in lieu of birds whose voyce delighteth,
Of guilty conscience screeching note affrighteth.

Your coolest sommer gales are scalding sighings,
Your showers are teares,

Your sweetest smell the stench of sinfull liuing,
Yours fauoures feares;

Your gardener sathan, all you reape is miserie :
Your gaine remorse, and losse of all felicitie.

From

L Et fickle fortune runne her blindest rase:
 I serled haue an vnremoued mind:
 I scorne to be the game of fantasies chase,
 Or vane to shew the change of euery wind,
 Light giddy humors stinted to no rest,
 Still change their choyce, yet neuer chose the best.

My choyse was guided by fore-sightfull heede,
 It was auerred with approuing will,
 It shall be followed with performing deede:
 And seal'd with vow, till death the chooser kill,
 Yea death though finall date of vaine desires,
 Ends not my choyse, which with no time expires.

To beauties fading blisse I am no thrall;
 I burie not my thoughts in mettall Mines,
 I ayme not at such fame, as feareth fall,
 I seeke and find a light that euer shines:
 VVhose glorious beames display such heauenly sights,
 As yield my soule a summe of all delights.

My light to loue, my loue to lyfe doth guide
 To life that liues by loue, and loueth light:
 By loue to one, to whom all loues are tyde
 By dewest debt, and neuer equall right.
 Eyes light, harts loue, soules truest life he is,
 Conforting in three ioyes, one perfect blisse.

FINIS.

